

"THE LONE WOLF OF THE DRAGOONS"

Residents of Tombstone were amused upon reading complete account of the arrest of "Red" Warren, "the Lone Wolf of the Dragoons," which was effected by Sheriff Hall, of Pinal county, who surprised "Red" in his lonely desert cabin near Florence, where of late he had held sway as a distiller of his favorite beverage, "Red Eye."

The story of the capture of the Lone Wolf depicted his character as it really is, in a brief manner. But to paint the character of "Red" Warren, in such a light that it could be seen by a reader, would require much copy paper and months of work, for "Red" was the character of all characters in these western parts, and the only one of his kind.

He was born in the famous Cochise Stronghold, in the Dragoon mountains, in the days when the Apache chief, Geronimo, was terrifying the southwest with his reign of crime.

"Red" Warren was the only friend Geronimo was known to have had among the white men, and this may have been due to the fact, to use "Red's" own words, that "Geronimo knew him better than his mother did." Many a time "Red" boasted of setting himself beside Geronimo in his tepee, and partaking of the Apache chief's bill of fare. "Red" Warren was the only supposed-to-be white man who could roam the fastnesses of the Dragoons and the Cochise Stronghold at will, and perfectly free from any harm at the hands of the murderous Apaches. Of this he was always proud and boasted freely.

During his earlier days "Red" was a prospector, and it may be truthfully stated that the feet of "Red" Warren passed over hundreds of bonanza's, but "Red" was always too drunk to see, or care. When under the influence of liquor, or 99 per cent of the time, his earthly needs caused him less concern than did his regard for the laws of the land, which was practically nil, for "Red" hailed from God's great openness, and knew only the laws of the vastness of the mountains and the plains; as to other laws and customs, "Red" could not be bothered.

Later "Red" launched himself into the cattle business, and that he emerged from this enterprise with his life is a mystery to even "Red" Warren himself. In this connection his stories of hard luck were masterpieces. One of "Red's" recitations concerning his falling out with Lady Luck was to the effect that every time a forest ranger or a cowboy riding for some cattle outfit stumbled onto the remains of a fresh-slaughtered cow, even the squirrels would scamper to the rocks and tree tops and loudly proclaim to the world that "Red Warren did it."

Following his career as a "cattlemen," "Red" took up farming on the San Pedro River near St. David, and was a frequent visitor in Tombstone, where he came to peddle his wares, carted to town by his faithful little horse, and rickety little buggy. "Red" would canvas the households of the town, sell his produce, and hie himself to a saloon where he would trade his dollars for whisky in a vain attempt to quench his burning thirst. The next morning he would arise from his slumbers in the City jail, walk up the alley where his horse had stood all night tethered to a post, and drift out of town for a few more days of ranching. Whenever "Red" Warren drifted into town, the city jail was sure to have a roomer for the night. To take him to jail was an easy matter for the officers, for he never resisted by any physical display, but would orate every foot of the way, proclaiming his innocence and loudly expressing a desire to return home to his wife and children. Every foot of the distance to the city bastille would draw forth a volley of promises from "Red" that he would never again partake of liquor; that he would join the ministry tomorrow; that he would return to his farm with a load of provisions for his "young 'uns," that even though he was the possessor of a "thousand clean shirts and they all smell of wolves" nevertheless he was a gentleman, and would from then on conduct himself as such. But every time "Red" came to town, he acted like a sailor just in from a three months cruise, and spent the night in jail.

One day it was reported that "Red" Warren had joined a revivalist party and had gone to southern California. Many women who had purchased farm produce from him were joyed to think that he had finally kept his promise, freely made, that he intended to make amends for his many years of wasted life by becoming a preacher of the gospel. But those who really knew "Red" Warren, were justly doubtful, and more so when the fact became known that "Red" went to California shortly after the advent of prohibition in Arizona. No account of "Red's" falling out with the revivalists ever reached Tombstone, but it can be safely assumed that it was some event. It is certain that upon his arrival in California, then wet, "Red" immediately proceeded to get "lickered up," and was asked to resign his holy role, an probably kicked out of camp, for "Red" Warren's feet were not made to track in the straight and narrow path of clean living.

The next Tombstone heard of "Red" Warren was his arrest for moonshining, and this announcement caused no great surprise among those who know him. The next to be heard will be a pathetic story of the "Lone Wolf" facing the cold walls of a federal prison, with his heart and soul pining for the open vastnesses of the picturesque Dragoons, down in Dear Old Cochise.

TUBAC—Royal Blue mine erecting 50 ton concentrating plant.
HARSHAW—Modern mill to be erected at Blue Nose mine.
of Cochise county and here, some sixty-odd years ago, the subject of the above sketch first saw the light of existence and had plodded away most of his weary years in the southern part of the state.

SAFFORD—To get new double press four stand cotton gin.
PHOENIX—20 acre tract on Tempe road purchased to erect gypsum plant.
GADSDEN—Kilns being installed to manufacture bricks for new buildings.
Glendale district shipping 2 or 3 cars lettuce daily.

ATTORNEY GENERAL IS SOMEWHAT IMPROVED

PHOENIX, Feb. 27.—The condition of Wiley E. Jones, attorney general of Arizona, who recently suffered what was described as a nervous breakdown, was reported somewhat improved today. The attorney general was in a local hospital and was said to have had a fairly restful day. Attending physicians said that while the state's legal adviser was not in a serious condition it probably would be sometime before he would be able to resume his official duties.

Assistant Attorney General Luis B. Whitney said the attorney general had not been in good health for several months past and that the nervous collapse had not been altogether unexpected. Assistant Attorney General F. J. F. McBride said Attorney General Jones would have to undergo a minor surgical operation before his health could be recovered and that the operation probably would be performed within a few days.

CURIOUS STUNT IN GOVERNMENT SHOES

MIAMI, Feb. 27.—Several weeks ago the town of Miami received 1,000 pairs of reclaimed army shoes from the army retail stores, which were practically closed out in one day at \$2.50 per pair, to the residents of this district. This was the price fixed by the government at which the articles should be sold. Observing the strong demand for these shoes, the town council ordered 1,000 more pairs to be shipped at once. In due course the reply came back from the army officials in charge of the sales that no further goods could be supplied to the people of this district because the stocks were exhausted. Recently a man with whom there is no criticism to make, arrived Miami with hundreds of pairs of army shoes, of the same quality and condition as those placed on sale by the town council of Miami. He immediately opened up for business on Sullivan street, selling the same class of shoes at \$2.50 that the town council previously sold at \$2.50 and the supply of which, they were informed, was exhausted.

SOFT DRINK SHOPS RAIDED BY OFFICERS

MIAMI, Feb. 27.—The department of justice officials, aided by the sheriff's office, raided the two soft drink establishments owned by Nick and Pete Puhara on North Broad Street in Globe Saturday night. It is alleged they violated the last prohibition enactment by having liquor in their places of business. One of the brothers is said to have been taking a toddy at the time the officers put in an appearance. At the place of the other brother, it is stated a pint bottle of "white mule" was confiscated. The two Puharas were given a hearing before United States Commissioner Hechtman in Globe this morning. They were released on bond of \$1,000 each. The trial of Nick Puhara was set for Friday, Feb. 27, and that of his partner, Feb. 28. Both men will be defended by Attorney E. T. Flannigan. Both cases will be tried before United States Commissioner Hechtman.

CURTIS IN LOCAL JAIL PAROLED TO SAVE FINE PAYMENT

PHOENIX, Feb. 27.—Governor Campbell today signed a parole which will release from the Pima county jail A. B. Curtis, sentenced to nine months and a \$200 fine on conviction of bootlegging. The parole comes at the expiration of the nine month's sentence and saves the prisoner from 200 days more in lieu of fine.

Campbell acted upon the recommendation of Judge Pattee and County Attorney Moore, it being represented that Curtis is suffering from tuberculosis and that recently he had a hemorrhage.

Curtis was originally recommended for parole by the parole board at a meeting held in the attorney general's office, October 24. The governor made an investigation at that time, but found that the claims as to ill health were not born out by the county physician, and for that reason the case was held over until further proof with forthcoming.

MURDER OF ANDERSON Baffles the Police

BISBEE, Feb. 24.—The shooting of Nat Anderson, roadmaster for the Copper Queen company, early Sunday morning as he was returning to his room at the Oliver lodging house is shrouded in mystery, although the police, the sheriff's office and the city marshal have been working on the case constantly since its occurrence.

Shortly after the shooting another roomer, Kay Ross, timekeeper at the Sacramento mine, discovered that his room had been robbed and the police at first held the theory that it was the man who robbed this room that had shot Anderson, supposing that the latter had surprised the robber when he entered the place. There are certain circumstances, however, that would seem to point against this.

The officers argue that it is very unusual for a petty thief to shoot under any circumstances. Then the way in which Anderson was shot points to a personal grudge on the part of his assailant rather than the work of a man who was desperately trying to get away. The first bullet struck him in the forehead and was probably sufficient to cause his death. As he fell a second bullet coursed down his breast, making a flesh wound without entering the body. Then, as the man lay prone on his face his assailant deliberately fired a third bullet into the lower part of his back.

Nat Anderson died Sunday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock without ever having regained consciousness. An inquest will be held today. At the request of a sister living in Utica, Mississippi, the body will be shipped there. The Odd Fellows' lodge will hold services here prior to the shipping the body.

FIND NO CLUES TO KILLING OF NAT ANDERSON

BISBEE, Feb. 25.—The investigation of the murder of Nat Anderson early Sunday morning has come practically to a standstill. Every clue that has presented itself to the police has been run down.

On the evening prior to the murder Anderson was at a party at the home of Mrs. Norris Greeley in Wood Canyon. It was a simple social affair among friends, cards and dancing being the principal entertainment.

Shortly before 1 o'clock the guests left the house in a crowd, proceeding a short distance together. When they separated Anderson escorted Miss Elizabeth King to her home on Tembej avenue. He entered the house and talked with her for a few minutes, leaving at about 2:25 o'clock. He then went to the English Kitchen on Main street and ate a light supper.

Anderson left the English kitchen shortly after 2:30 o'clock and presumably went directly to the Oliver house where he rooms. It is but a few minutes walk. The shooting occurred at 3:10 o'clock.

An inquest yesterday morning shed little or no light on the murder. The coroner's jury gave a verdict of death "from gunshot wounds at the hands of an unknown person." Following the shooting both Mrs. Richard Davis, the landlady, and a roomer saw a man leaving the place. They did not see him clearly enough to describe him.

The theft of money and a watch from Kay Ross's room a short time prior to the shooting, remains a puzzling feature of the crime. The weight of evidence against the theory that the man who entered Ross's room is the same man that shot Anderson is almost overwhelming. On the other hand everything points to the crime as being the act of a man who had some personal score to settle with Anderson, a score of violent hatred. Before firing the third shot into the prostrate man's back his assailant cursed him with a vile epithet.

There is a wooden foot bridge across the canyon leading to the front of the house. A nearby neighbor said that before the shooting a scuffle was heard on this bridge and a woman screamed.

The police think that the robbery of Kay Ross's room might have been

MANDAMUS HEARINGS ON STATE ADJUTANT SALARY

PHOENIX, Feb. 25.—Two mandamus hearings, connected with the state's action in holding up the salary of Adjutant General W. S. Ingalls are announced for hearing soon. The first, requiring the auditor to show cause for withholding the sum of \$2367.24 from the adjutant general as salary and expenses, will be heard before Superior Judge Stanford on Saturday. The second suit, brought today, is called for hearing before Superior Judge Lyman on March 8. The second suit, filed by Governor Campbell, is for the auditor to pay \$345 for the services and expenses of an attorney, incurred in the defense of Adjutant General W. S. Ingalls, against the contest by the former adjutant general, Charles W. Harris.

GETS WEALTHY BY SKUNK ROUTE

PRESCOTT, Feb. 21.—James Forepaugh, hunter and trapper, who was in Prescott about two months ago, is getting rich quick by the novel route of killing skunks, according to a report given yesterday by George E. Harrington, a mining operator from the Date creek range. The latter stated that Forepaugh to date had captured 796 of the skunk family in traps of his own invention, and the entire lot had been expressed to an Omaha furrier, the pelts averaging a coincidence or might have been done with the object of throwing them off the trail to make it seem as if it was the act of common thieves trying to escape.

POWER COMPANIES NEED \$5,000,000 TO BUILD PLANTS

PHOENIX, Feb. 21.—Electric light and power companies in Arizona need \$5,000,000 for enlarging their plants, according to a statement made today to the Arizona corporation commission by representatives of public utility companies of the state in conference with the commission.

The representatives expressed a desire to work out a uniform agreement on which to base applications for increasing rates of services, it being stated that present depreciation provisions, based on pre-war costs are inadequate to meet upkeep requirements at present and probable future prices. It was also stated to the commission that the utility companies must provide for additional installation expenses, since it could be seen now that the growth of the state called for greater capacity to deliver light and power.

GINNING SEASON ENDS

MESA, Feb. 26.—Ginning activity on the southside is now practically done for the 1919 season. One gin here is operating on short time. Others in this city have closed. Gins at Chandler, Gilbert and Tempe have closed, and little or no cotton is being handled in the many plants of this district.

The gin of the Southwest Cotton company in this city will remain open for probably one additional week. During the week just ending, the Farmers' gin closed for the season. The Attaway-Phelps gin had been closed at that time for approximately a week or ten days.



They couldn't be built now for twice \$71,000

When the talk turns from politics to railroads, and the traveler with the cocksure air breaks in with, "There's an awful lot of 'water' in the railroads," here are some hard-pan facts to give him:

American railroads have cost \$80,900 a mile—roadbed, structures, stations, yards, terminals, freight and passenger trains—everything from the great city terminals to the last spike.

A good concrete-and-asphalt highway costs \$36,000 a mile—just a bare road, not counting the cost of culverts, bridges, etc.

Our railroads couldn't be duplicated today for \$150,000 a mile.

They are capitalized for only \$71,000 a mile—much less than their actual value. Seventy-one thousand dollars today will buy one locomotive.

English railways are capitalized at \$274,000 a mile; the French at \$155,000; German \$132,000; even in Canada (still in pioneer development) they are capitalized at \$67,000 a mile. The average for all foreign countries is \$100,000.

Low capitalization and high operating efficiency have enabled American Railroads to pay the highest wages while charging the lowest rates.

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